

THE  
Coy COOK-MAID,

Who was Courted importunately by *Irish, Welch, Spanish, French and Dutch*, but at last was  
conquered by a poor *English* Taylor.

To the Tune of, *There was a brisk Lass*, &c.

This may be Printed, R. P.



Joan scrub'd up her rooms, made all things clean,  
The tables, the chairs, and the edge of the screen,  
She scour'd ear, pisspot and pewter-dish  
Made e'ry thing clean as heart could wish;  
The pewter and brass was so very clear,  
That wanting a glass, she oft drew near,  
To deck up her head and curl her hair,  
Not one amongst twenty with her could compare.

She made her plumb portage and sweet mince'd-pies,  
The roast-beef was laid down when she did rise;  
Dinner was ready, and lik'd so well,  
Not one amongst twenty could Joan excel;  
They prais'd her so much that Joan grew proud,  
And then she began to prate aloud,  
I will have a husband oft she cry'd,  
A pretty young-man to live by my side.

Then our step a Scot with blew bonnet on,  
He lookt full as big as a Spanish don  
His pistol was under his chequer'd plaid,  
His whinnyard was made of a Bilbo blade:  
Quoth he, bread a gad, the d-y's mine awn,  
He as bonny a fellow as ever was heathen,  
He will ha' this lasser before Ie gang beam,  
She'll mack me geud langkeal to fill my wean.

He came salute her, but Joan was mad,  
And call'd the poor scotch man a sawcy lad,  
She took up the ladle and broke his p'te,  
And told him he proffer'd his love too late:  
Dee! blin you, quoth Sawny, you nasty slut,  
The muckl' deel slip hemp in your gut,  
He n'w seek Joan to be my wife,  
She'll e'ne mack me weary of my life.

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was

Then a fine French-man took his place,  
His caber and ruffles w ere all of lace.  
He bid he, begar, me comes to his place,  
He bid much in love bid you sweet face,  
He no like no lady bish in this toban,  
Begar, me no like dem, be v er much scow n;  
He have seen a ll, me tink dere's none  
Dat may be compa r'd b id m istress Joan.

He be resol ve to lose my life  
But m e bid I have Joan to be my wife:  
Joan look'd about, and then repl y'd,  
The devil shall be the French-man's byde;  
March to your portage you sinful knave,  
I'll ne'r go to France to be your slave;  
Get you out of the kitchen, or else by Mars  
This swinging sp it shall run throug h your a —

How monsieur look blank and sneak away,  
For his wife so his like he durst not stay;  
Then enter'd an Irish man and swoze  
The noise of her beauty brought him oze;  
He nam'd his Teague, and by my shal t w ithon  
I prize by faash 'bove a ll in de Phaashon  
Wen preddee dear joy come kish my sweet faash,  
By Saint Phaattrick I never will leave this pleash.

I have a potato plat of my own,  
An a shnerwing-borh, 'tish beey well known;  
I have a (ch) l'ogue to run by my shid,  
Fast and mote thou shalt be my bier.  
Be gone hogg-trotter, then Joan bid cry,  
O the bjom stick shall on your shoulders lie,  
Pack up your stole, and make short of your story,  
O I'll make you pay dear for your vain-glozy.

A seaman from Holland then enter'd the list,  
As surk'n a rascal as ever put;  
He brought in his hand a bottle of Nans,  
and swoze 'twas the famous est liquor in France  
'I will make you Dutch (spaazen befoze it be  
Be gone (said she) you drunk'n clown,  
I'll pull the blew rug from off your pate,  
If you offer to stay with Joan to prate.

And then Jack Spaniard began to vapour,  
With a might: Hoze cloak and a very long way  
He offer'd his service and proudly to stir,  
But Joan went and gave him a kick with her  
He intolent dog (quoth she) be gone,  
There's none I hate more then a Spanish don,  
I mean not to wait upon such a proud stoner  
Whilst he is pump'ring his guts at inner.

The welchman hearing the rest were gone,  
Resolv'd that he would be with her anon,  
With leek in his ear, on St. Taff's day  
He came to Joan, and thus he did say:  
Hur was a prabe gentleman in Wales,  
Hur has a good land, coss-plurter-a-nails,  
Hur has a fine goar, and hur makes sheele,  
Wlas hur makes hur a lady if now hur please

But Joan protested she hated them all,  
And swoze to be at an english man's call;  
She k'ew t'el humours and did not doubt:  
But came or ether would chule her out:  
At last she married a taylor good lord,  
And he the greazy scinat did board;  
They both were well pleas'd and kindly agree  
And she from the rest of her suitors was free

F I N I S.

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